

The Sunbury American.

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OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 35

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THE PERILS OF THE BORDER.

While reading recently an account of the frightful massacre of several white families by the Black-foot Indians, we were reminded of a thrilling event which occurred in the "Wild West," a short time subsequent to the Revolution, in which a highly accomplished young lady, the daughter of a distinguished officer of the American Army, played an important part. The story being of a most thrilling nature, and exhibiting in a striking manner the "Perils of the Border," we have concluded to give an extract from it, as originally published, as follows:

The angle on the right bank of the Great Kanawha, formed by its junction with the Ohio, is called Point Pleasant, and is a place of historical note. Here, on the 10th of October, 1774, during what is known as Lord Dunmore's War, was fought one of the fiercest and most desperate battles that ever took place between the Virginians and their forest foes.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, a fort was here erected by the victors, which became a post of great importance throughout the sanguinary scenes of strife which almost immediately followed, and which in this section of the country were continued for many years after that establishment of peace which acknowledged the United Colonies of America a free and independent nation.

At the landing of the fort, on the day our story opens, was stationed a flat boat of the kind used by the early navigators of the Western rivers.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females, who were slowly approaching the landing. Of these five, one was a stout, sleek negro, in partial livery, and evidently a house or body servant; three were boatmen and borderers, as indicated by their rough, bronzed visages and coarse attire; but the fifth was a young man, some two-and-twenty years of age, of a fine commanding person, and a clear, open, intelligent countenance; and in the lofty carriage of his head—in the gleam of his large, bright, hazel eyes—there was something which denoted one of superior mind; but as we shall have occasion in the course of our narrative to fully set forth who and what Eugene Fairfax was, we will leave him for the present, and return to the approaching group, whom he seemed to be regarding with lively interest.

Of this group, composed of a middle-aged man and four females, with a black female servant following some five or six paces in the rear, there was one whom the most casual eye would have singled out and rested upon with peculiar pleasure. "The lady in question was apparently about twenty years of age, of a slender and graceful figure, and of that peculiar cast of feature, which, besides being beautiful in every linament, rarely fails to affect the beholder with something like a charm.

Her traveling costume—a fine brown habit, high in the neck, buttoned closely over the bosom and coming down to her small pretty feet, without trailing on the ground—was both neat and becoming; and with her riding cap and her waving curls, her appearance contrasted forcibly with the rough and unpolished looks of those of her sex beside her, with their lined brows, scarlet flannel petticoats, and bleached linen caps.

"Oh, Blanche," said one of the more venerable of her female companions, pursuing a conversation which had been maintained, "quitting the open air for this, I cannot bear to let you go; for it just seems to me as if something were going to happen to you, and when I feel that way, something generally does happen."

"Well, aunt," returned Blanche, with a light laugh, "do not doubt in the least that something will happen—or I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and give them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents—and that will be something that has not happened for two long years at least."

day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost, with all on board. "No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself," replied Eugene, in a doubtful tone; "and since our arrival here, I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort."

"That is true, in your personal knowledge," joined in the uncle of Blanche; "and I thank you, Mr. Fairfax, in behalf of my fair kinswoman. There will, perhaps," he pursued, "be no great danger, so long as you keep in the current; but your watch must not be neglected for a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemnly charge and warn you, under any circumstances, or on any pretence whatsoever, suffer yourselves to be decoyed to either shore."

"I hope we understand our duty better, Colonel," said one of the men, respectfully. "I doubt it not," replied the commander of the Point; "I believe you are all faithful and true men, or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than you ever carried before; but still the wisest and the best of men have lost their lives by giving ear to the most earnest appeals of humanity. You understand what I mean? White men apparently in the greatest distress, will hail your boat, represent themselves as having just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God, in the most piteous tones to come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—for their native, and so be cautious, vigilant, brave and true, and may the good God keep you all from harm!"

As he finished speaking, Blanche proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many a tender message for her parents from those who held them in love and veneration; and the boat swung out, and began to float down with the current, now fairly entered upon the most dangerous portion of a long perilous journey.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand, was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees who fled from their native land after the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1685. He had been an officer of some note during the Revolution—a warm political and personal friend of the author of the Declaration of Independence—and a gentleman who had always stood high in the esteem of his associates and contemporaries.

Though at one time a man of wealth, Colonel Bertrand had lost much, and suffered much through British invasion; and when, shortly after the close of the war, he had met with a few more serious reverses, he had been fain to accept a grant of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisiana, tendered to him by Virginia which then had jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his new possessions and building up a new home in the then Far West, and as his first intention, upon accompanying him on his first expedition, was to accompany him on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so young, and so tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring that she would have to remain at the East till he should see proper to send for her; as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

When Colonel Bertrand returned to the West, Eugene Fairfax, as we have seen accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and offered sundry inducements to settlers to speedily collect close around him quite a little community—of which, as a matter of course, he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way, he had opened a store, and was dealing with goods from the Eastern marts, which goods were transported by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by waters to the Falls of the Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship goods, and to give a packet of letters to the post at the East, Eugene had been dispatched—his third commission also extending to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with her servants, to her new home. This last commission had been so far executed at the time of the departure of the boat, that the noble benefactor, for the opening of our story, as to bring the different parties to the point of departure, the great Kanawha, whence the reader has seen them floating off upon the still, glassy bosom of "the belle of rivers."

The day, which was a suspicious one, passed without anything occurring worthy of note, until near four o'clock, when, as Blanche was standing on the fore part of the deck gazing at the lovely landscape which unfolded her, she saw a seemingly flying body suddenly leave a limb of a gentle tree, (whose mighty branches extended far over the river, and near which the boat was then awayed by the action of the current,) and alight with a crash upon the deck of the boat, not more than eight feet from her. One glance sufficed to show her what the object was, and to freeze the blood in her veins. The glowing eyes of a huge panther met her gaze. The suddenness of the shock which this discovery gave her was overpowering. With a deafening shriek she fell upon her knees and clasped her hands before her breast. The panther crept a few paces toward her, but ere he sprang to touch his—and then but slightly, as she sprang quickly and lightly to the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight flush which mantled his noble expressive features, as his eye for a single instant met hers. She might herself have seen it—perhaps she did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face, as she inquired, in the calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the inequality of position between herself and him, "Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure? It will not do for our boat to spring a leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us, I am told, to touch either shore between the different forts and trading-posts on our route, this side of our destination—the Falls of the Ohio."

not his own. But Blanche's embrace was his—a priceless treasure—a link of her heart's emotions and affections. It was to color his whole future life, as will be seen in progress of our story.

Slowly and silently save the occasional creak, dip, and splash of the steersman's oar, the boat of our voyagers were borne upon the bosom of the current on the third night of the voyage. The hour was waning late, and Eugene, the only one astir except the watch was suddenly startled, by a rough hand being placed upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words, in the gruff voice of the boatman: "Up, Cap'n, here's trouble!"

"What is it, Dick?" inquired Eugene, starting to his feet.

"Don't you see that a heavy fog rising that'll soon cover us up so thick that we won't be able to tell a white man from a nigger?" replied the boatman—Dick Winter by name—a tall bony, muscular, athletic specimen of his class.

"Good heaven! so there is!" exclaimed Eugene, looking off upon the already misty waters. "It must have gathered very suddenly, for all was clear a minute ago. What is to be done now? This is something I was not prepared for, on such a night as this."

"It looks troublous, Cap'n, I'll allow," returned Dick; "but we're in for't, that's certain, and I s'pose we'll have to make the best of it."

"But what is to be done?—what do you advise?" asked Eugene in a quick, excited tone, that indicated some degree of alarm.

"Why, if you war'n't so skeered about the young lady, and it war'n't so dead again the orders from head quarters, my plan would be to clear and easy one—I'd just run over to the Kanawha shore and tie up."

"No," said Eugene, positively; "that will never do, Dick—that will never do! I would not think of such a thing for a moment. We must keep in the current by all means."

"Eugene," rejoined the boatman; "but when it gets so dark as we can't tell one thing from t'other, I'll be powerful hard to do; and we don't run agin a bar or bank afore morning in spite of the best of us, it'll be the luckiest that ever I had a hand in. See, Cap'n—it's thickening up fast; we can't see cyther bank at all, nor the water nyther; the stars is gettin dim, and it looks as if that war a cloud all round us."

made acquainted with our locality, judging from the loud voices I heard a few minutes ago."

"I fear we've been rather imprudent," said Eugene, in a deprecating tone; "but in the excitement—"

His words were suddenly cut short by several loud voices of alarm from without following by a quick and heavy tramp across the deck; and the next moment Seth Harper and Dick Winter burst into the passage, the former exclaiming:

"We've run plum into a red nigger's nest, Cap'n and Tom Harris is already butchered and scalped!"

And even as he spoke, as if in confirmation of his dreadful intelligence, there arose a series of wild, piercing, demoniacal yells, followed by a dead and ominous silence.

So far we have followed the lovely heroine and her friends in their progress from the forenoon of the day after our first meeting. The balance of the narrative can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which can be obtained at all the periodical stores where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the "Ledger," dated May 22d, and in it you will get the continuation of the narrative from where it leaves off here. If there are no book-stores or news-offices convenient to where you reside, the publisher of the Ledger will send you a copy by mail if you will send him five cents in a letter. Address, Robert Bonner, Ledger Office, 41 Ann street New York. This story is entitled, "Perils of the Border," and grows more and more interesting as it goes on.

"The quays at Liverpool was alive with bustle and noise, for a large West Indian ship had just arrived, after its voyage. It was a winter's day; the cold made itself felt, and the passengers, when they left the ship, were not sorry to hasten to the shelter of warm lodgings."

One of them, a young and good looking lady only entered a hotel to leave it again. As soon as a post-chaise could be got ready she took her seat in it to go farther on. She looked ill and care worn, as if her health or her mind had suffered—perhaps both.

"It is an expensive way of traveling," she said to herself, "but it is better to come. Another night of this suspense, now I am so near would have seemed longer than all the rest. I wonder whether I shall hear of her! I wonder whether she has made her way to our home?"

"He about seven o'clock in the evening when she reached that home. A servant whom she did not recognize answered the summons at the door.

"She should have told you the truth—that she gave me no chance of coming with her, Ursula, she ran away from Barbadoes!" Ursula had the teapot in her hand, preparing to pour out the tea. She put it down, and turned her eyes on Susan. "Run away!"

"Glandestinely. We knew no more of her leaving than you did. She dressed for an evening party, went to it as supposed, and never came home again. The next day we found that she had sailed for England."

"And her reason?" imperiously demanded Ursula, who had never any charity for ill-doing.

"I have never seen her since, you know. She and Mr. Carnegie were not very happy together."

"That is more than likely," responded Ursula, in a marked tone. "But Mr. Carnegie ought to have told you, if she did not. Of course," she added, an unpleasant idea flashed through her mind, "she did not come without his sanction?"

"And without his knowledge, also, Ursula. And what made it worse, he was sickening for fever; and for all she knew, might have died in it."

"That's the fever she has hinted at, which you say, stopped to nurse, and—"

"I did help to nurse him through it—and took it myself, and nearly lost my life. Ideas crowded fast upon the mind of Ursula Chase. Her brow contracted. "Were you laid up there—in his arms—alone?"

"Yes, for a time. A friend—a widow lady—came to be with me the day after Emma left; and when I was well enough, I removed to her house till I sailed."

"It is the most incomprehensible story altogether," uttered Ursula. "I mean Emma's proceedings. What did she leave Barbadoes for? What does she do in England? All I have heard her say about it is that her health was bad, and she wanted a change. It appeared to be good enough when she came here."

had but one motive—strong love for Mrs. Carnegie."

"I know that," cried Ursula. "I wish we were all as pure hearted and full of love as Susan. We cannot say so much for Emma."

"Miss Maitland started late, but Emma did not come in. When she rose to go, Ursula said she had a request to make of her."

"What is it?"

"I should you meet Mrs. Carnegie on your way do not say that Susan has returned. We want to surprise her."

"Very well; I won't."

"She need not talk of having enough of a lover's company," exclaimed Ursula, as Frances left. "A pretty affair she has had herself, Susan, since you went away."

"Indeed! A fresh one?"

"Threw herself plain at the head-of-the-heart of a new curate we had. She nearly tormented his life out, meeting him in his walks and at the cottages, and inviting him to their house. It was too farfetched—she did not like, and people do say, that he threw up the curacy to her."

"Frances was wild to be married years ago, and I conclude as the time got on, and she got on, that her anxiety does not lessen."

Select Tale.

ONE OF THE BEST STORIES EVER PUBLISHED.

THE EXPERIENCES OF SUSAN CHASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR TO ASHLEY."

CHAPTER IX.

(CONTINUED.)

HOME AT LAST.

The quay at Liverpool was alive with bustle and noise, for a large West Indian ship had just arrived, after its voyage. It was a winter's day; the cold made itself felt, and the passengers, when they left the ship, were not sorry to hasten to the shelter of warm lodgings."

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E. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:
Hon. Jas. B. Freese, Clerk, Gildersleepe, Esq.,
Sons & Snowden, Esq., South & Co.

NEW STORE.
ELIAS EMERICH,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Lower Augusta township and the public generally, that he has purchased the Store lately kept by Isaac Marx, in Lower Augusta township, near Emerich's Tavern, and has just opened a splendid stock of

Fall and Winter GOODS.

His stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Casinetts of all kinds, linen, cotton and Worsted. Also, Calicoes, Ginghams, Lawns, Mouseline De Laines and all kinds of Ladies Dress Goods. GLOVES, Hosiery, Shawls, and a variety of various styles and patterns.

Also, an assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of all descriptions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. SALT FISH, &c., and a variety of other articles such as are suitable to the trade, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Country produce taken in exchange at the highest market prices.

Lower Augusta twp., October 10, 1857.—if.

PATENT WHEEL GREASE.

THIS Grease is recommended to the notice of Waggoners, Livery Stable Keepers, &c., as being SUPERIOR to anything of the kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axles—it is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer as in winter, and put up in tin canisters at 37 1/2 and 75 cents, for sale by

A. W. FISHER.

March 14, 1857.—

MUSIC! MUSIC!

Mrs. O. KIMBALL, late of Elmira, having become a resident of Sunbury, respectfully informs the citizens, both secular and sacred, and will impart instruction to all who may desire to place themselves under her charge.

N. B.—Mrs. O. Kimball is prepared to give instructions to a few more pupils on the Piano Forte.

Sunbury, September 10, 1857.—if

New Philadelphia Dry Goods!

SHARPLESS BROTHERS,
LATE FOWNSHILL SHARPLESS & SON,

HAVE removed to their new store, N. W. corner of Chestnut and 8th streets, and have opened their usual full assortment of Autumn and Winter DRY GOODS, which they offer at very low prices. Their stock includes Shawls, Black and Fancy Silks, Merinos and other Dress Goods, Men's and Boy's Wear, Blankets, Housekeeping Goods, and Goods for "Families Wear."

Oct. 24, 1857.—if

SUNBURY STEAM FLOURING MILL

THE subscribers respectfully announce to the public, that their new Steam Flouring Mill in this place, has been completed, and will go into operation on Monday the 31st day of August, inst.

Having engaged a competent and careful Miller, they trust they will be able, with all the modern improvements adopted in their mill, to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor them with their custom.

SNYDER, RINEHART & HARRISON.

Sunbury, August 29, 1857.—if

GILBERT BULSON,

SUCCESSOR TO

J. O. CAMPBELL & CO., AND L. C. IVES,

(Formerly No. 13 North Wharves.)

DEALER IN PRODUCE, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, No. 4 North Wharves, 4th door Market street, Philadelphia.

Oranges, Apples, Dried Fruits, Butter, Lemons, Onions, Mercer Potatoes, Cheese, Raisins, Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Beans, Pea Nuts, Peaches, Cranberries, Eggs, &c.

Others for shipping put up with care and dispatch.

THE GOODS sold on commission for Farmers and Dealers.

October 24, 1857.—

The 810 and 815 Single and Double Threaded Empire Family Sewing Machines.

AN AGENCY for the sale of these Sewing Machines can be secured on liberal terms for the County of Northumberland. No one need apply without capital sufficient to conduct the business properly and who cannot bring references as to reliability and capacity. A personal application will be necessary.

The peculiar adaptation of these Machines for all purposes of Family Sewing, will, where ever they are offered for sale, command a ready and unlimited demand.

JOHNSON & GOODALL,

S. E. Corner of 6th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia.

August 15, 1857.—if

BLANKS! BLANKS!

Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Warrants

Attachments, Commitments, Summons, Subpoenas, Executions, Justices and Constables' Fee Bills, &c., can be had by applying at his office.

A. W. FISHER,

Druggist, August 1, 1857.—

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